

## The Cheshire Smile

by Psykotic101

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Summary: After the Breach Beacon fell, forceing its students to flee, lest they be captured by the White Fang. RWBY are a few of the survivors, but how long will they be able to. Rated M to be safe.

## The Cheshire Smile

She ran. From those who would cause her harm. From those who had harmed her. Her tattered cloak, once a vibrant crimson, was now stained a dull merlot. Unless you had seen the cloak before, you would never know it had been drenched in blood. Who's blood was the question. Was it hers, her friends, an innocent? She had always worn it, and even she did not know. Her eyes, ones that once shined with innocence and cheer, were now a dull mirror, one that showed how close to death and depressed the girl had become.

As she ran, she would hit her arm on one of the forest's trees, sending a shockwave of pain through her arm. It was worse if she hit the jagged rock that was sitting deep within her shoulder. She could remove it, but doing so would open the floodgates, allowing her to bleed out. So she left it, even though death would be a more welcoming option than what awaited her should she be captured.

She once again cursed the promise she made to her family. Her promise to live, even in the face of death. Even if they should not. Her thoughts drifted to her friends, and if they were still alive. They had been together, but one by one they were separated, captured, or killed. She began to tear up, remembering her lover, how her hair shone in the sunlight, how her eyes glistened in the moonlight, how-

She was jolted out of her thoughts as she tripped over a log. She decided that now was as good a time as any to turn, to see how close she was to capture. Once she had, she wished she hadn't. For the log

was not a log, but a leg. A leg she recognized as her lovers right leg, for there on the thigh was the tattoo of a rose that they both shared. As she began to turn, she noticed a drop of blood fall onto the leg. Anxious, she slowly looked up, and immediately turned to the left and vomited. After emptying her already empty stomach, she looked again, into the haunted eyes of her girlfriend. Because strung up by intestines were the remains of her darling, hung like a sick Christmas garland.

Entranced by the horror in front of her, she hardly noticed the snapping of branches on he right. Glancing towards the sound, her eyes widened in fear, and she immediately ran away from the heterochmian eyes, only to slip on the vomit she expelled earlier. As she tried to get up, to run or fight or something, she found she couldn't, and as the parasol's handle arced towards her temple, her last thoughts were of her capturer's eyes, and her Cheshire smile.

End  
file.